



## AN ANGEL IN PETTICOATS.

SHE had whispered, "Yes, Jack, I love you!" in response to his question, his kisses were still warm on her lips, their hearts were beating in unison, though not so tumultuously as before, and now that the first rapture and thrill were over, they were asking questions and making their little confessions, after the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

"How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?" she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

"Why, certainly it is, Dora," he replied earnestly. "You say you love me, so it really doesn't make any difference about the others; they're done for now; but I think I ought to know. Still, if there are so many of them—"

"Please stop, Jack. I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and, with that look on your face!" she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, "after the way you've been talking!"

"Well, if you don't want me to say things, why don't you answer my questions?"

"Must I, Jack?"

"I am afraid you must, my dear."

"And you won't hate me after I tell, will you?"

"Well—"

"That depends, you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long. I can read your thoughts."

"Can you? That's convenient for you, I'm sure. I wish I could read yours, then I'd know the answer to my question."

"Would you really like to know?"

"Why, yes, or I shouldn't have asked it."

"Well, Jack, if it will relieve your mind any to know it, you have no predecessors."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Jack. You are the first and only."

"Thanks, awfully, Dora! I'm glad to hear it; and now that question is settled, we will—"

"Oh, no, my boy; you don't get off quite so easy as that! I want your confession now. About how many dozen times have you been in love, pray tell?"

Jack Vernon winced. He hadn't counted on this, exactly.

"Come, young man, you are now on the witness stand, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" she continued banteringly.

"Must I?" said Jack, helplessly repeating her question of a few moments before.

"I am afraid you must, my dear," mimicked she.

"But I am afraid you will hate me after I confess."

"Is the record, then, so long?"

"No; it is a very short one. I have never loved but once—before."

"And she—she refused you?"

"No; I never asked her."

"Why not? You see, I want the whole story now."

"Because of pride. She was a wealthy heiress; I a penniless lawyer, with my fame and fortune yet to make. I loved her; am not ashamed to say it; she was a woman that one could not help loving; she was all to me then that you are now, and—"

"And more. Go on and say it, Jack; I want the whole truth."

"No, I won't say that; but she was the first, and love was a new sensation to me then, and if I had been her equal in wealth and station I might—"

"But, please! What is the use of telling you all this? It is all over now. Her love was not for me. I have put it aside—and, besides, I have you. But why are you looking so sober, Dora? Have I confessed too much? You wanted the whole truth, you know."

"Yes, and I am glad you were brave enough to tell it. How long ago was it that this happened?" she faltered.

"Three years."

"And her name?" she asked in low tones.

"Need I tell that?"

"Yes, please," said Dora, faintly.

"Edith Burton."

Dora's face grew suddenly pale.

"I thought perhaps she was the one," she said, in a voice that Jack scarcely recognized.

"Why, do you know her?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"I used to room with her at boarding school," answered Dora. She had regained control of her voice now. "She is a good, noble woman, far better than I am, and I don't wonder that you love her."

"You mean loved," corrected Jack. "My love for her is in the past tense, not the present."

"True love can never die," quoted Dora, gravely. "Wasn't it the divine William who said that? But there, Jack, we have talked enough of love for one evening. Don't you think so?"

"But you haven't promised to marry me yet."

"You didn't ask me that question. You simply asked me if I loved you, and you got your answer, I believe."

"And I am to take the rest for granted, eh?"

"Well, no; nothing should be taken



"BUT WHY ARE YOU LOOKING SO SOBER, DORA?"

I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life in each other's society can bring you. Go to her, Jack, and make her happy—and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good night this time, but good-by! Ever your friend, DORA."

The inclosure ran as follows:

"Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 14. My Dear Dora—No, I am not engaged yet, and never expect to be. I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and fortune—especially the latter—upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for, except one, and I believe he cared for me for a time. Perhaps he does yet; but, alas! he discovered that I was an heiress, and then pride (he was a young lawyer, with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money), held him back. He loved me; my heart told me that; but fortune hunters were fluttering around me, like moths around a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest—just as though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross!"

"Ah, well! he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past. I cannot help sighing, though, to think that the very money which has attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved!"

"There, Dora, you have my secret, and know why I shall evermore a maiden be—but please don't tell. Wishing you a lovelier time, some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth, you won't have so many unworthy ones as I), and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, with oceans of love, yours sincerely,

"EDITH BURTON."

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon:

"My Dear Dora—Many thanks for your kind note and the inclosure. There are at least two angels left on earth. You are one of them. May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully, JACK."

"P. S.—I start for Rochester at once, and will mail this on my way to the train."

And as Dora read these words, she smiled one little, wee ghost of a smile, and whispered:

"Better my heart than hers!"—St. Paul Pioneer.

Insulted.

Mr. Lawhead—Why do you treat me so coldly? Why didn't you answer the note I wrote you last Thursday?

Miss Brushley—Sir, I don't wish to have anything more to say to you. You began your note by saying you "thought you would drop me a line." I want you to understand that I'm not a fish!

A newspaper is not interesting to some people unless they can find fault with its use of English.

## IT SEEMED LIKELY

That the Sheriff Would Catch Up with Lazy Larkins.

"What's th' trouble round yere?" asked a visitor of one of the citizens of Red Gulch.

"Oh, nothin' much," was the answer. "Feller escaped from jail 's all. You see, fer a good many months a man has been a-loafin' around this yere town by th' name of Lazy Larkins. He never done a lick of work in his life, and he shot a citizen th' other day. Then our Sheriff lays hands on him an' stakes him out in jail. Well, he refuses to do enny work about the jail, even after the joory finds him guilty, after which, of course, his services blongs t' the county until they hangs him. Yesterday the Sheriff buys a brand-new rope t' do the hangin' with, an' wants to stretch it. He takes it t' the jail an' asks Lazy Larkins t' help him histe up a bag of cornmeal t' hang on the end of the rope. An', t' the Sheriff's 'mazed, Larkins refuses to help. This ingratitude emazes the officer, so he 'lows he'll fix Larkins. He rushes over t' the drug store an' buys a box of them pills warranted t' cure that there tired feelin'. Then he secures help, swears Larkins' jaws open an' makes him swaller half of th' box of pills. Then he locks the jail an' goes home.

"Them pills mus' hev got in their work good an' strong," 'cause some time durin' th' night Larkins tears out the whole side of the jail, steals the bes' horse in town, uterizes th' brand-new rope fer a bridle an' rides off."

"Do you think they'll catch him?" asked the visitor.

"I guess so," was the answer. "The Sheriff has just took the other half of that box of pills hisself an' started out on Larkins' trail."

## A Ute Funeral.

All night long the ceaseless, muffled beating of the medicine tom-tom had come to us across the hot, barren, alkali flats; all night long the dismal wailing of the bereaved squaws and the lonesome howl of the masterless dog, crying like lost spirits, had come to us out of the darkness, plaintive and weird; all night long we had rolled and tossed on our blankets, spread upon the broad breast of mother earth, underneath the silent, watchful stars; and now, as the first pink blush of breaking morn began to revolve out of infinity into a new-born day, we rose, unrefreshed and weary.

A blood-red sun thrust his scorching rays across the rugged peaks of the Book plateau; heat, already increasing, came steaming from the parched earth; all nature seemed aflame, and, as our tired, aching eyes sought what rest there could be found in the dingy green of the few scrub cedars that marked the single variation to the otherwise unbroken glare of whiteness, a strange, sad procession emerged from them and wended its way toward us. As it approached we could see the cortege plainly. There were the patient, sad-eyed women, their faces blackened by charcoal, their hair disheveled, their garments rent and covered with ashes; there were the favorite dog and horse of the dead warrior, the latter fully equipped as though ready for a journey—and so he was; there was the corpse itself, all bedecked and enshrouded, to its last earthly resting place.

The women still wailed, the dogs still howled, the heat still grew fiercer, and we followed the little band.—Lippincott's.

## How Much Feed to the Acre?

When wheat is selling at a low price the average farmer is apt to be somewhat more liberal about sowing seed than he would be if it were worth a high price. Whatever the price may be, it is waste to sow more seed than is necessary for the production of the largest crop the soil will mature.

The amount of seed depends somewhat on several conditions. If the land is in thorough condition, the soil moist and the weather favorable, there is good reason for believing that three pecks of wheat is sufficient to produce a good crop. If the land is in bad condition, the soil too wet or too dry, the weather unfavorable, six pecks is often not too much.

A series of experiments at the Ohio experiment station indicated five or six pecks as the best quantity of wheat to sow. It is probable that five pecks on comparatively new or fertile land is as much as can profitably be used. A greater quantity produces so many plants that they interfere with each other.—Farmer's Voice.

## Granite Telegraph Poles.

Quite a list of materials have been used for telegraph poles, but the idea of stone for this purpose will be new to most people. It is nevertheless a fact that the messages between Milan and Switzerland, by way of Simplon Pass, pass over a telegraph line with stone poles. This line runs along the fine military road which skirts the west side of Lake Maggiore. The poles are of gray granite, and average about ten inches square and twenty-five feet high. They are in use for a distance of thirty or forty miles.

## The Queen Bee.

According to Father Brown, a paper read before the Scientific Society at Preston, a queen bee sometimes lays at the rate of two eggs a minute, and the total weight of the eggs is one and a half times that of her own body on a summer day. As she lives four or five years she must lay about one and a half millions in the course of her life. Her eyes are smaller than those of the other bees, owing to long residence in the hive. Her sting is 500 times smaller in diameter than a pin, and as she can seldom draw it out after stinging a person she leaves it in and dies afterward.

A sanding in the hands of the hold-up man is a stunning affair.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

## A Scientific Grandpapa.

"See, grandpapa, my flower!" she cried; "I found it in the grasses!" And with a kindly smile, the Sage Surveyed it through his glasses.

"Ah, yes," he said, "involucrate, And all the florets ligulate. Corolla gamopetalous—Composite—exogenous—A pretty specimen it is, Taraxacum dens-leonis!"

She took the blossom back again, His face her wistful eye on. "I thought," she said, with quivering lip, "It was a dandelion!" —St. Nicholas.

Parrot, Cat and Dog in a Cage. The Chinese must be past masters of the art of household discipline. Here is a typical happy family of Peking. A



parrot, a cat and a small dog dwell amicably together inside a cage, while an eagle and a big dog are outside. They never quarrel, which speaks volumes for the tact and firmness of their trainer.

A Children's Party at a Palace. How time flies, to be sure! It seems hardly more than yesterday since the Queen of Holland was a child—a merry, sunshiny little girl, usually seen in white, a large, broad-brimmed hat with a white ostrich feather half hiding the pretty face, and the long, fair hair rippling down her shoulders. Now she has changed into a tall, slender maiden, full of grace and royal majesty. The new Queen of Holland has been a very popular person ever since she was born; and Dutch children never tire of hearing about the time when Queen Wilhelmina played many a merry game with her thirty dolls, and with the little boys and girls who used to be invited to the palace to amuse her; never tire of hearing of her warm love for animals—horses especially—and her admiration for soldiers and all that concerns them, and her great capacity for learning, and her quickness in seeing a joke.

And if the young Queen has by this time perfectly acquired the art of behaving—when necessary—in quite as stately a fashion as the dignity of a queen demands, she is a very lively and bright girl, nevertheless; and there is at the Hague a boy who would most emphatically convince you of the truth of this statement, if you were to doubt it. When, several years ago, he was about nine or ten years old, he had the good fortune to be invited to a children's party at the palace. His mother was glad, but somewhat uneasy, too. Such a very independent and noisy lad, her boy was! Surely there was some reason for her being afraid that he would not behave so well as she wished him to. She told him to try to mind his manners, and not to "stamp in that dreadful way," and not to talk too loudly. "And, mind you, don't forget to say 'Mevrouw' (Madame) to the little Queen when you speak to her."

But this was too much for Willem, who had been listening attentively, if a little impatiently, perhaps.

"Mevrouw!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I am not going to be such a silly as to call her all that! 'Mevrouw,' indeed! And she is not married, and only twelve years old!"

For quite half an hour his mother took pains to make him understand that etiquette demanded the little Queen should be addressed as "Madame." He obstinately refused to be brought to reason. "It is so absurd!" he said. "How can I call her 'Mevrouw,' when she has no husband?"

The attempt to make him understand had to be given up. He looked a perfect little gentleman, though, when he drove to the palace, accompanied by his little sisters.

Solemn-looking lackeys stood ready to conduct them to one of the beautiful old rooms in the palace, where some other little guests were already assembled, and they were welcomed by ladies of the court. When all the guests had arrived, a lackey, opening a door, announced in a loud voice: "Her Majesty the Queen!" And all eyes were eagerly turned in one direction.

A hush, a patter of quick little feet, then in walked—nay, ran—Queen Wilhelmina, simply dressed in a frock of soft, cream-colored silk. Willem gave a quick little nod of content. He liked that.

She did not behave or look like a "mevrouw" in the least; and he clapped his hands when she said gaily: "Let us have a good, noisy game; blindman's buff, or—anything you boys know!" And "noisy" games they had, several of them—blindman's buff among the rest; and Willem thoroughly enjoyed himself, and twice caught the Queen when his eyes were banded. "I knew

## THIS WOMAN A HUSTLER.

She Runs Her Own Plantation and Is a Success.

In this age of the world it is no new thing to see a woman making a success of a business enterprise. But a few have so far been able to handle a large landed estate and make it return a handsome revenue. Farming or operating a plantation has been generally conceded to be a masculine undertaking. But Mrs. Lelia Seaton Wilder, of Decatur, Ala., has demonstrated that she can handle her 1,600 acres as well as any man could. Up to ten years ago

Well, what Queen Wilhelmina certainly did like was to play and to romp and to be merry as well as other children. Perhaps no Dutch girl surpasses her in her love of skating and riding.—St. Nicholas.

Out of the Mouths of Babies. "Mamma," said a certain little man, "when you go to town buy me a whistle and let it be a religious whistle, so that I can play with it on Sunday!"

Visitor—Well, Johnnie, I suppose your father thinks the twins are something wonderful. Johnnie—Yes, but (in a confidential whisper) I could lick 'em both easy.

A little boy whose new-born sister set up a tremendous cry on getting her bath, exclaimed: "Well, I don't wonder they sent you down here if you made such a noise as that in heaven!"

"Well, Johnnie," said the minister to a little fellow, aged 6, "I hear you are going to school now." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what part of it do you like best?" asked the good man. "Comin' home," was the prompt and truthful answer.

Harry, aged 5, had his photograph taken recently, and when the proof was sent home his mamma said he looked too solemn and asked him why he didn't smile. "I did smile, mamma," replied the little fellow, "but I guess the man forgot to put it down."

"I just think our mamma is an awful gossip," said 6-year-old Walter to his little sister. "Oh, how can you say such a thing?" she exclaimed. "Well, that's just what she is," replied the little fellow. "Everything I do she runs and tells papa. A gossiping woman makes me tired."

"Mamma," asked little Willie, "did Daniel Webster build the dictionary?" "No, dear; it was Noah; but why do you ask?" said his mother. "Why," replied the youngster, "our teacher said that Noah built the ark, and I thought he might have got Daniel to build the dictionary for him if he was busy."

Tommy, aged 5, and his cousin Willie, aged 6, had several little altercations, in which Tommy invariably got the worst of it. One day his mamma said to him: "Tommy, to-morrow is Willie's birthday; wouldn't you like to give him something?" "You just better believe I would!" was the reply; "but, you see, he's bigger than I am and I can't."

Little 5-year-old Clara's papa had been away on a protracted business trip, and her mamma was putting things in order and making sundry preparations for his return. Clara watched her closely for a while, and then observed: "Mamma, you make as much fuss as old Mr. Prodigal." "What do you mean, dear?" asked her mother. "I never heard of Mr. Prodigal." "Oh, yes, you did, mamma," was the reply. "Don't you know, the Bible tells about what a fuss he made when his son came back?"

OPENS A DANCING SCHOOL. Jersey City Minister Instructs His People in Terpsichorean Art.

For thirteen years Rev. John L. Scudder has preached in a big Congregational church in Jersey City. He has opened a dancing school in his church for the young people who attend his Sunday services and his congregation approves of the act. Mr. Scudder is an

all-around athlete. All his life, particularly his college life, he has boxed, played foot-ball, base-ball, and everything else of the kind which was going. In his study at the church are pictures of him with his various college teams. He was captain of his base-ball class team at Yale. "I do not hesitate to say that my Yale athletics did more to make a clergyman of me than my training at the Union Theological Seminary," said he the other day.

A late and most lovable Edinburgh D. D. was in his study one evening when his wife rather excitedly called him by name from the foot of the stair. He put his head quietly over the banister and inquired what was wrong. His wife called out: "There's a man in the kitchen! There's a man in the kitchen!" The divine answered calmly: "Well, well, Marg'ret, you won't let the girls out; what can you expect?" and silently returned to his sermon.

A little girl petitioned the Lord for fair weather, and the next morning the sun shone bright and clear. She told of her prayer to her grandmother, who said: "Well, now, why can't you pray to-night that it may be warmer to-morrow so grandma's rheumatism will be better?" "All right, I will," was the response, and that night as she knelt she incorporated this request in her little prayer: "O God, make it hot for grandma."

Preoccupied—Aren't you afraid your husband will be jealous if I talk to you so long? Mrs. Tarrington—No, Dear old Jack! He never thinks of me when he has on his golf suit.—Brooklyn Life.

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